



### *Advertisement.*

**T**HE *Memoirs* of *Monsieur Deageant*, containing the most secret Transactions and Affairs of *France*, from the Death of *Henry IV.* untill the beginning of the Ministry of the Cardinal *de Richelieu*. To which is added a particular Relation of the Archbishop of *Embrun's* Voyage into *England*, and of his Negotiation for the Advancement of the *Roman Catholick* Religion here; together with the Duke of *Buckingham's* Letters to the said Archbishop, about the Progress of that Affair; which happened the last Year of King *James I.* his Reign: Faithfully Translated out of the *French* Original. Printed for *Richard Baldwin*, 1690.





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THE  
School of Politicks:  
OR, THE  
HUMOURS  
OF A  
COFFEE-HOUSE.

---

A  
P O E M.

---

*Tantumne ab re tua otii est, aliena ut cures? Terent.*

---

Licensed, Apr. 15. 1690.

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for Richard Baldwin, next the Black-  
Bull in the Old-Baily. 1690.

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SCHOOL OF POLITICS:  
OR, THE  
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P O E M.

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Translated as it is the city of, often at cross, T. 1790.

---

London, April 15. 1790.

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L O N D O N

Printed for Richard Baskin, next the Black-  
Ball in the Old Bath. 1790.



( I )  
THE  
School of Politicks:  
OR, THE  
H U M O U R S  
OF A  
COFFEE-HOUSE.  
O D E S.

---

I.

'T WAS *Claret* that we drank, and 'twas as fine,  
As ever yet deserv'd the name of *Wine*;  
Each Man his *Flask* we thought a mod'rate Dose,  
When just as we were giving o'er,  
Comes in our honest *Landlord* in the Close,  
Protesting we should drink his *Bottle* more:  
Which done, and all our *Reck'ning* paid,  
Each did a sev'ral way repair;  
Some went *to walk*, and some *to bed*:  
But I, who had an hour to spare,  
Went to a neighb'ring *Coffee-house*, and there  
With sober Liquor to refine my Head.

B

II.

## H.

What e'er th'occasion was I cannot tell,  
 Whether the *Wine* had compos'd my *Mind*,  
 Or some false *Medium* did my *Reason* blind,  
 But so it was, I took the *Place* for *Hell*;  
 The *Master* of the *House*, with *fiery Face*,  
     Did like insulting *Pluto* seem,  
     Whilst all his *Guests* he did condemn  
 To drink a *Liquor* of infernal *Race*,  
 Black, scalding, and of most offensive smell:  
 Trembling and pale, I cross'd my self all o'er,  
 And mumbled *Ave-Maries* by the score.  
 At length, by strange insensible degrees,  
 My fears all vanish'd, and my *Mind* found ease,  
 My scatter'd *Reason* re-assum'd its place,  
 And I perceiv'd with *whom*, and *where* I was.

## III.

The murmuring *Buzz* which through the *Room* was  
 Did *Bee-hives* noise exactly represent; (sent,  
 And like a *Bee-hive* too 'twas fill'd, and thick,  
 All tasting of the *Honey Politick*,  
 Call'd *News*, which they as greedily suck'd in,  
 As *Nurses* *Milk* young *Babes* were ever seen.  
 The various *Tones* and different noise of *Tongues*,  
 From lofty sounding *Dutch* and *German* *Lungs*,  
     Toge-

Together with the soft melodious Notes,  
Of *Spaniards*, *Frenchmen*, and *Italian* Throats,  
Who met in this *State-Conventicle*,

Compos'd a kind of *Harmony*,  
Which did in Concord disagree;  
Nay, even *Babel's* fatal Overthrow,  
More sorts of *Languages* did never know,  
Nor were they half so various, and so fickle.

## IV.

The place no manner of distinction knew,  
'Twixt *Christian*, *Heathen*, *Turk*, or *Jew*,  
The *Fool* and the *Philosopher*  
Sate close by one another here,  
And Quality no more was understood  
Than *Mathematicks* were before the Floud.  
Here sate a *Knight*, by him a *rugged Sailer*;

Next him a Son of *Mars*,  
Adorn'd with honourable Scars;  
By them a *Courtier*, and a *Woman's Taylor*:  
A *Tradesman* and a grave *Divine*,  
Sate talking of affairs beyond the *Line*;  
Whilst in a Corner of the Room  
Sate a fat *Quack*, the fam'd *Poetick Tom*,  
Pleas'd to hear *Advertisements* read,  
Where 'mongst lost Dogs, and other fav'rite Breed,  
His famous *Pills* were chronicled:

*The half Box eighteen Pills for eighteen Pence,  
 Though 'tis too cheap in any Man's own Sense.  
 Lawyers and Clients, Sharpers and their Cullies,  
 Quakers, Pimps, Atheists, Mountebanks and Bullies,  
 Clean or unclean, if here they call,  
 The place, like Noah's Ark, receives 'em all.*

## V.

*Had Lilbourn been alive to see  
 This Horch-potch of Society,  
 Some other measures he had ta'en,  
 When he the Work of Levelling began;  
 For All here stand on equal ground.  
 As I have seen in Storms at Sea,  
 For common safety all are willing found,  
 To hawl a Cable, guide an Oar,  
 To stem the Tide, and bring the Ship to Shoar;  
 So in this School of Polity,  
 Each thinks himself as much concern'd as they  
 Who sit in Council Chamber ev'ry day;  
 And all their Maxims have a share  
 Of the Professions which their Masters are.  
 The quick-eye'd Sectary pretends to see  
 Under Lawn Sleeves the growth of Popery.  
 The Smith upon the Anvil of his Brain  
 Forms a new Commonwealth again.*

The *Carpenter* in his projecting Pate  
 Makes Props t'uphold the tott'ring State:  
 The *quack* too, with his *close-stool Face*,  
 Does with his senseless Reasons urge,  
 The *British Islands* want a *Purge*:  
 And *Ab!*— Were he but once in Place,  
 He'd----- but there stops, and thinks the Age not fit  
 To know the Wonders of his mighty Wit.

## VI.

But the *chief Scene* was yet to come,  
 Which was to hear the various Argument  
 Which fill'd all corners of the Room,  
 Concerning the Affairs of *Christendom*.  
 I being seated to content  
 List'ned with most profound attention to  
 One of the loudest of the *prating Crew*,  
 Who after spitting thrice began,  
 Stroaking his Beard,-----Quoth he, *Here sits the Man*  
*Who Thirty several Campaigns has seen,*  
*At five and forty Sieges been,*  
*And in both foreign and domestick Wars*  
*Receiv'd as many Scars,*  
*As I upon my Head have Hairs.*  
*You prate,* continued he, *to make you merry,*  
*Of Sligo, and of Bellishannon,*  
*Of Carrickfergus and Dundalk,*

And: /

*And of the thund'ring Bombs and Cannon,  
 Were us'd at Siege of London-derry;  
 Mere stuff, and nothing else but Talk.  
 Now if the Wars you would delight in,  
 And see the very Soul of Fighting,  
 Go but this Spring to Flanders,  
 Flanders the Scene of Action, where  
 Death keeps his Revels all the Year:  
 There are no Petticoat Commanders,  
 Things clad in red, which have no braver Souls  
 Than Parrots, Apes, or Owls;  
 But hardy Youths,----- so us'd to ruff,  
 That their own Skins become a nat'ral Buff:  
 These are the Lads,----- and I was one,  
 Although I say't my self, ----- have often gone,  
 Through thickest Squadrons of the Horse,  
 And with my single force,  
 Made a whole Troop retire in haste:  
 This good old Blade which by my Side I wear,  
 Assisted by my Arm, I swear,  
 Has kill'd a dozen Men before I broke my fast,  
 Nor living is that daring He,  
 Who but provokes this trusty Sword,  
 But shall-----  
 ----- At speaking of which word,  
 Two Serjeants came and laid  
 Their Paws upon this daring Blade;*

But



(7)

But so submissive, and so tame,  
Was this courageous *Son of Fame!*-----  
The Company with Laughter let him pass  
To *Prison*, for a most *vainglorious Afs.*

VII.

Scarce was this *Son of Thunder* gone,  
Who tir'd the Ears of every one,  
Yet with his *blust'ring Language* warm,  
But new Discourse began,  
Talk understood by every one  
Concerning the late *dreadfull Storm.*  
*Lord! Nighbour, did you ever hear*  
*(Says one) so terrible a Wind?*  
*I that have liv'd this threescore Years,*  
*The like could never find,*  
*How Sir, (replied his Friend,) -----have you forgot*  
*That blust'ring Night that Noll th'Usurper died?*  
*When all the Winds in order tried,*  
*Who should blow hardest on the Spot,*  
*A Storm so dreadfull that 'twas thought*  
*About by Witchcraft brought;*  
*When trembling Atheists went to Prayer,*  
*Thinking the Day of Judgment near;*  
*And Fear appear'd in ev'ry Face.*  
*Pish, (cries his Friend,) ---- what that time was,*  
*I well remember, but, alas!*

To

*To the late Wind it was no more,  
 Than farting of a Cloud, or shrieking of a Door.  
 I'll tell you: There was lately sent  
 To me a Letter out of Kent,  
 Which says, it blew the Devil's Drop  
 ( A Rock by Dover seen )  
 Along the Shoar, as if 't had been  
 A School-boy's Gig or Top,  
 And plac'd it on this side the Hope,  
 And that was strange.-----*

*----- But not by half,  
 So wonderfull (another speaks,) as that*

*I now am going to relate :  
 Grazing it took an Essex Calf,  
 Near to the Shoar, and blew him cross the River,  
 Quite into Kent, where the poor thing remains  
 As sound and well as ever.*

*This caus'd the Company to laugh out-right:  
 Which Mirth t'increase a jolly Sailer swore,  
 That on that ne'er to be forgotten Night,  
 (Though to preserve her they had spar'd no pains,)  
 Their goodly Ship was stranded near the Shoar,  
 Laden with Claret from Bourdeaux she came;  
 The Vessel dash'd to pieces, every Man  
 Nimble to save himself began;  
 I, for my part, seeing a Hoghead float,  
 Quickly astride upon it got,*

*Where*

*And, Faith, I think I was not much' to blame,  
 My drunken Friend and I got safe to Land,  
 Where in requital of the good  
 He did me, caus'd his dearest Bloud  
 To issue from him upon my command,  
 My Friends and I were merry at his death,  
 And I shall ne'er forget him while I've breath.  
 Finding this dull Romantick strain,  
 Amongst that Company to reign,  
 Whose Talk was nothing else but Fable,  
 I, leaving them, went to another Table.*

## VIII.

*At which by accident (no doubt) we're got  
 Demurely grave of Citizens a knot,  
 With shaking Heads and lift up Eyes,  
 Discourfing upon Prodigies.  
 Ah Friends! the Times (fays one) are very fad,  
 Although the Wicked ftill remain as bad  
 As if all things were fettled -----T'other Night,  
 As very late by Weftminfter I came,  
 Methought the Element was all on flame,  
 And one of th' Heads upon the Iron Spire  
 Over the Hall, diftinctly cried out Fire:  
 Nay, I a while ago was told,  
 That, at Noon-day, the Horfe which ftands*

*In the Stocks-Market neigh'd aloud  
 For Provender, while the affrighted Croud  
 Stood shivering both with Fear and Cold:  
 Now when Vice grows so strong, and Faith so weak,  
 No wonder 'tis the very Stones should speak:  
 What these unlucky Signs portend  
 I must confess I cannot comprehend;  
 Let God (and then he d'offt his Hat)  
 In his good time discover that.  
 Why, Nighbour, (says his Elbow-Friend,)  
     For certain 'tis, you cannot be  
         So blind as not to see,  
 The Head which cried out Fire denotes  
 A disagreement in the Senate's Votes;  
     But Heav'n avert the Prodigy;  
 And th'Horses Neighing speaks as plain  
     This Summer's scarcity of Grain:  
 But I'm no Prophet, if I were,  
     Events more wonderfull I'd shew,  
 Than ever Gadbury or Lilly knew,  
     Events should make the Nation stare;  
 What pity 'tis that Prophecy is ceas'd!  
 What pity 'tis, (thought I) thou art not plac'd  
     In Bedlam, where there cannot be  
     One half so Lunatick as thee:  
 Darkness, fresh Straw, and slender Diet,  
     And shaving th'Hair from thy thick Skull,*

May

( II )

May make thy *Brains* and *Tongue* more quiet:  
But leaving this so very *dull*,  
Most *whimsical*, and *senseless* Crew,  
I softly to another place withdrew.

IX.

Where *six* raw *Countrey* *Fellows* sate  
To hear an *empty* *Wittal* prate.  
They to no Sermon in their Lives  
Did ever such attention lend,  
And each one by his *grinning* strives  
Who most shall his *Discourse* commend:  
One whisp'ring t'other in the Ear,  
    *E'fack, Ned, did you ever hear*  
(Says he) *such* *Stories* from our silly Vicar,  
O'er Whitson Ale, or Christmas Liquor?  
*No, Vaith, Tom, (answers he,) in all my born*  
*I ne'er heard sike an ean, who does not scorn*  
*To tell us all the News; he should, I'm zhure,*  
*By's head-piece, be a Counsellor.*

By this time our *admired* Wit  
Had drank his Dish of *Tea*, and then  
Begins with——

—— *Look ye, Gentlemen,*

*'Tis plain, the Emperour intends*  
*To make a strict Alliance with his Friends,*

To pull down Christian and Unchristian Turk;  
 Egad, you'll see some curious Summers Work;

And if things do but bit,  
 (And I may live to see it,)

Those two proud Tyrants tumble from their Thrones,  
 And on their humble Marrow-bones,

Beg to b'admitted Grooms of th'Stable,  
 And eat Scraps from the Servants Table :

When this is done, they will, I hope,

Have at his Holiness the Pope,  
 With all his red-faced Cardinals,

Who wait upon St. Peter's Chair;

A Chair has held this Sixteen hundred Year

Without being mended, as I hear.

The great Mogul next to their Fury falls,

And when they've overcome the Cannibals

The Work is done, and we may live at peace,

Enjoy our Friends, and always be at ease.

Boy, bring the Gazette.—Sir, 'tis not come in.

Pox take you, fetch it, for it has been seen

At Jonathan's two hours ago.—But, Sir,—

But, Puppy, What do I come hither for,

To spend my time in this dull smoaky Room?

Pray be not angry, Sir, the Gazette's come.

Here, Lad, let's feet—So, so, here's tickling News,

Lost Dogs; lost Horses, Soldiers run away

Without their Wits, and to avoid their Pay.



*Books sold at Tom's by Auction----- once, twice, thrice,  
The Hammer's down---- he has you in a trice.*

*But, Sir, (says one,) what kind of News is this?*

*For let me dye if I know what it is.*

*Oh, Sir, (replies the Spark) I always read  
Gazettes as Witches pray; for they, 'tis said,  
Do backwards mumble out their Pater Noster;  
But now for News, i'th twinkling of an Oyster.*

*Reads.*

*'Francfort, March 29. Several Boats arrive daily with  
'Provisions that are ordered to be laid up here for  
'the use of the Imperial Forces, which will now very  
'quickly be in motion. The late Flouds have broke  
'the Bridge of Boats at Philipsburg.*

*'Brussels, April. 2.-----*

*Hold, Sir, (says one,) e'er farther you go on  
Pray tells us whereabouts does stand that Town  
Call'd Francfort.-----*

*----- Why, Sir, (answers he,) it lies  
Upon the barb'rous Coast of Africa,  
Snatch'd from the Moors by mere surprize;  
For on a very memorable day,  
Or rather Night, as they were all employ'd  
In gazing on the then Eclipsed Moon,  
The Emp'rours Vessels, cruising near the Shoar,  
Took the advantage of their basied sense,  
And gain'd the Town:---not many were destroy'd;*

*Fear*

*Fear bound the Hands of many, Wonder more;  
 So with small Bloudshed they were Captives soon.  
 The City's neatly built, and 'twas from thence  
 The German Balls, so fam'd for cleaning Shoes,  
 First came.----- I'd read some other News,*

*But I'm oblig'd by such an hour  
 To be at----- Gentlemen, I am your  
 Most humble Servant.-----Boy, here's for my Tea.  
 Then leaves the Room.---But, Lord! to hear the Praise  
 These Blockheads did to his bold Nonsense raise,  
 Would almost make a witty Man forswear  
 All Claim to Modesty and Sense,  
 Since the Accomplishments which bear  
 A Man through Life, are Ignorance and Impudence.*

## X.

*In close Caball were in a Corner met  
 A Knot of Men, whose Faces wore  
 The Livery of Discontent,  
 Sighs from their Breasts incessantly were sent,  
 One by their Looks might see their Hearts did fret,  
 Like murmur'ing Israelites of yore,  
 They frown'd, they stamp'd, they bit their Thumbs,  
 They wink'd, they nodded, nay, would sometimes smile,  
 When something did their airy hopes beguile,  
 Yet not a Word between their Lips there comes.*

What

What this *dumb Scene* did represent,  
 Or what by *Signs* and *Nods* was meant,  
 Conjecture only gives us leave to guess:  
 They were no *Friends* to th'*Government*,  
 But there they met their *Thoughts* to ease,  
 Which *Thoughts* by *Words* if they should dare t'express,  
 Their *Necks*, or *Purses* at the least,  
 Might pay for th'*Tongue's* untimely *Jest*.  
 Self Preservation's first of Nature's Laws:  
 To be *Well-wishers* they're content,  
 But care not to be *Martyrs* for the *Cause*.

## XI.

From this most *unintelligible Crew*  
 I went, another *Scene* to view,  
 If the forementioned were *reserv'd* and *close*,  
 These were more *open*, and more *free*,  
 For *Wine* no secret ever knows,  
 And that these *Sparks* had drank t'a large degree.  
*You Sirrah Boy*, (says one,) *go fetch m' a Whore*,  
*A lusty strapping Bona Roba*,  
*E'gad, I shall so jerk her Toby*,  
*I'd make her----but Ill say no more*  
*At present.---Pox this Coffee scalds my Throat*,  
 (Another cries,) *'tis in all Sense too hot*;  
*Prethee go fetch a Pair of Bellows hither*,  
*And make my Dish know cooler weather*:

*That*

*That ever Man should be so great an Ass,  
To suffer Wine (that plaguy Thief) to pass  
Between his Lips, that sily did convey  
His Sense, his Reason, and his Brains away:*

*How happy those dull Nations are,  
That know no other Liquor but small Beer!  
You, Harry, (then there bawls a third,)  
If of Sobriety you speak one word,  
By Jupiter, and all the Heathen Gods,  
Your Sword and mine shall be at mortal odds;  
I for my part, without Reflexions,  
Against Small Beer have forty Actions;  
They're to be tried next Term, and if I cast it,  
I'll make't High Treason for my Friends to taste it:*

*Boy, bring m'a Glass of Usquebaugh,  
By People nicknam'd Lill' bullero,  
'Tis good against the Gripes, they say,  
My Humour's this---Dum spiro spero:  
Come here's a Health to th' King of Poland;  
Well, here sit I, who though I've no Land,  
Suppose my self as great as he,  
Nay, as th' great Cham of Tartary;  
My Crown's a fuddling Cap, a Pipe my Sceptre;  
My Bottle represents my Globe,  
And any Cloaths serve for a Regal Robe;  
My Queen my Mistress, when I kept her;*

Drawers

Drawers (*or else 'tis very hard*)  
*Will serve me for my Corps du Guard ;*  
*But when Incognito I reel,*  
*A Link-boy serves the turn as well ;*  
*And, Gentlemen, to shew I'm yours,*  
*Know you're my Privy Countellours.*  
*Well, we advise thee to go home,*  
*(Says one,) and try by Sleep to overcome*  
*This Humour.-----*

----- *Well, for once it shall be said,*  
*(Says he,) That Counsel I obey'd ;*  
*Here, Boy, your Money,----- Gentlemen let's go,*  
*Egad methinks I tread on Wool, or Snow,*  
*My head's so light,----- well, when I come again*  
*I'll make new Orders in my drinking Reign.*

## XII.

This merry Farce diverted all the Room :  
 These you may know had no design  
 The *Quiet* of the State to undermine,  
 He thinks no *Treason* that's top-full of *Wine* ;  
 Men that sit brooding o'er their *Fears* at home,  
 Or else abroad in private Corners meet,  
     And there with *secret Whispers* sit,  
 Are those disturb the *Peace of Christendom* ;  
 'The *Juice o'th'Grape* may nurse an ill design,  
 But certain 't never was begot by *Wine*.

## D

## XIII.

## XIII.

Hearing loud *Talk* and warm *Dispute*;  
 I sat me down to listen to't:  
 A *Cluster* were engag'd, but chiefly *Two*  
 Unsheathe'd their *Arguments*, and drew  
 In *Controversie's* open Field;  
 He who did the *defensive Weapon* wield  
     Was both to *Wit* and *Sense* allied,  
     Nay, more, the *Truth* was on his side;  
 His *Habit* rich, but modest,---t'other,  
     *Tea* plainly, a *dissenting Brother*,  
     Who confidently would maintain,  
     The *Papists* first the *War* began,  
 In those sad Times when *Jealousies* and *Fears*  
     Set *Folks* together by the *Ears*;  
 Nay, more, that they the *Persons* were  
     Who brought the *King* into the *Snare*,  
     And when they had him safely there,  
     Did, in the sight of all *Beholders*,  
     Take off his *Head* from off his *Shoulders*.  
 (A *Lye* so very gross like this,  
     What *Hearer* would not take amiss?)  
     This caus'd the *Gentleman* to storm,  
     Already with his *Canting* warm;  
*How, Sir, (says he,) can you with any Face*  
     *Transfer the Guilt, most justly yours,*



*(I mean your Party's,) on the Papists? They,  
 'Tis own'd, are bad enough; but can you, 'pray,  
 Inform us who amongst those ruling Powers  
 That sat at Westminster that fatal Day,  
 When Charles (the Good, the Pious, and the Just,  
 Being from Kingdoms three most basely thrust,)  
 Was tried, which of them all e'er went to Mass?  
 What Roman Catholick to sign was known  
 The Warrant for his Execution.  
 Hold, Sir, (replies the other,) not too fast:  
 Upon the Stage they did not much appear,  
 'Tis own'd, but they behind the Curtain stood, and what  
 Was ordered to be done was then effected.  
 Good Counsel ought not, Sir, to be rejected,  
 (Replies the other,) but 'tis plain and clear,  
 The Guilt should only at your Doors be cast.----  
 At mine, Sir, pray excuse me, I comply  
 With ev'ry Government.-----That's uppermost you mean.*

*But, Sir, since you and I have been  
 Disputing thus, let me one Secret tell.-----  
 A Secret, (said I;) no, 'tis known too well,  
 No Government your Party ever pleas'd;  
 And if that Miracles had not been ceas'd,  
 Should Heaven to humour you create  
 A Kingdom, Commonwealth, or State,  
 Together with such wise and wholesome Laws,  
 Wherein sharp Criticks could discern no flaws,*

*Yet you'd be still uneasy.-----*

*-----Sir, too far*

*You stretch your Argument, for are  
We not as quiet in the present Reign,*

*As those who stiffly Monarchy maintain?*

*Yes, doubtless, you (replies the other) can*

*Conform to all the Modes which e'er*

*The Government are ready to prepare;*

*But your Compliance is but Masquerade,*

*Your Loyalty is forc'd, your Faith a Trade;*

*T'enjoy your Liberty the State thinks fit,*

*Pray Heav'n you make good use of it;*

*Forbear your Canting, Whining, idle Style,*

*With no amusements see you do beguile*

*Your Hearers; strive but to be true;*

*Against the Laws do you forget to rail,*

*And let but Sense 'gainst Bigotry prevail;*

*And then-----*

*----Oh! Sir, we know what best to doe,*

*We come not here to be inform'd by you.-----*

*But Counsel's cheap, Sir, I demand no Fees.-----*

*But you may counsel others if you please.-----*

*Nay, if you're angry, Sir, I'm gone;*

*This 'tis when good advice is thrown*

*Away on Men; but e'er your Company I leave,*

*Remember this, while vainly you believe*

*Others to cheat, you don't your selves deceive.*

*Great News from Ireland, is heard at Door,  
Which puts the Audience to a stand,  
To fetch it in there is command,*

*And one attempts to read it o'er  
But interrupted by a prating Fop.  
You talk, (says he,) I mean you hope  
That Ireland will this Summer be reduc'd;*

*You may as well suppose  
The Bay of Biscay will be froze;  
No, no, with Stories you're amus'd,  
K. J---'s Men and Money's not so poor,  
And I prononnce him Son of 'Whore,  
Who wishes Him or's Army were confus'd.*

*This made the Company to stare:  
At last one takes him up with—Sir, I dare,  
Though not to's Person, yet to's Cause  
Wish ruin, and if any here*

*Do not the self-same thing aver,  
He is without much Complement an Afs.  
An Afs, Sir, (cries the other,) Faith, I don't  
Much use to pocket up such an Affront;  
You wear no Sword, I see, and 'twould be base  
To draw upon a naked Man,  
But here's my Dish of Coffee in your Face.*

T'other

T'other, though scalded, would not be  
 Behind hand with him in Civility,  
 But flung a Glas of *Mum* so pat,  
 It spoild both *Perrwig* and *Point Cravat*:  
 On this a Quarrel soon began,  
 Till *Constable*, with pacifying Staff,  
 Appeas'd the Fray, and the *Contenders* have  
 Some respite, one his *Face* to cure,  
 And t'other to refresh his *Garniture*.

## XV.

The *Votes* are come---- Ay, there's some *News* indeed,  
 And one does all distinctly read;  
 Which finish'd, every one began  
 To make remarks----With shaking Head,  
 Cries on, *I think the Parliament are mad*  
*To tax us thus; we shall e'er long*  
*Not know to whom our Souls belong;*  
*Nay 'tis reported they prepare*  
*A Bill to regulate our Fare;*  
*And none without accusom'd Fees*  
*Shall eat of Licens'd Bread and Cheese;*  
 For----  
 ----Hold, Sir, cries another Man,  
*E'er farther in your Nonsense you go on;*  
*What to the Taxes have you paid,*  
*Or given to the Royal Aid?*

If

If I mistake not, you're no more  
 Than Journeyman & a Shoe-maker,  
 And yet your Little Worship must complain,  
 But 'twould, alas! be but in vain  
 To preach Sense to thy cloudy Brain;  
 Or else, 't might be evinc'd that none  
 In Europe's large Dominions are so free  
 From griping Taxes of the Purse as we;  
 Besides, what in that nature's done,  
 Is the effect of mere Necessity,  
 Shall th' King his Person for our sakes expose,  
 And we our little Aids refuse?  
 They're worse than Infidels and Jews,  
 Who out of Complaisance to Purse,  
 Their future Happiness will lose,  
 And on Posterity entail a Curse.

## XVI.

More various Scenes of Humour I might tell,  
 Which in my little stay befell;  
 Such as grave *Citts*, who spending Farthings four,  
 Sit, smoke, and warm themselves an hour,  
 Of modish Town-sparks, drinking *Chocolate*,  
 With *Bevir* cockt, and laughing loud,  
 To be thought Wits amongst the Crowd,  
 Or sipping *Tea*, while they relate

Their

Their Ev'ning's Frolick at the *Rose*.  
 But now I think 'tis time to close,  
 Left to my *Reader* I should give offence,  
 And he be tir'd with mine,  
 As I was with their dull *Impertinence*.  
 My Reck'ning paid, I left the Room,  
 And in my passage Home,  
 Reflected thus—Is this the much desir'd  
 Blessing of Life, which most unjustly we  
 Call *Regular Society*?  
 Well, to my Closet I'll repair,  
 Past Times with present to compare,  
 My self to strictest Study I'll condemn,  
 And 'mongst some Authours wise and good,  
 Who Mankind best have understood,  
 My Weeks, Months, Years, endeavour to redeem,  
 Which vainly foolish, and unthinking I  
 Have spent in what we falsely call *Good Company*.

**T H E E N D.**



